

T H E  
BANISHMENT  
O F  
C I C E R O.  
A  
T R A G E D Y.

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By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq;

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Te, te, Patria, testor, et vos penates patriique dii, me  
vestrarum sedum templorumque causa, me propter  
salutem meorum civium, quae mihi semper fuit mea  
carior vita, dimicationem caedemque fugisse. C I C.

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D U B L I N :

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M D C C X L I.



## Dramatis Personæ.

L. CALPHURNIUS PISO }  
AULUS GABINIUS } CONSULS.

P. CLODIUS, TRIBUNE,

M. T. CICERO.

POMP. ATTICUS.

CAIUS PISO FRUGI.

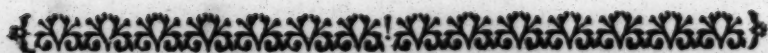
TERENTIA.

TULLIA.

CLODIA.



SCENE ROME.





THE  
BANISHMENT  
OF  
CICERO.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Clodius, Enters alone.*

ROMANS, you have your wish ; at length  
you've found  
A Tribune ; one who knows your brutal lust  
For civil slaughter, and will sate its rage  
On the first Spirits of imperial Rome.

I saw you, as you rent your throats for Clodius,  
How vulture-like you turn'd aloft in air  
Your carrion beaks, and snuft the winds for prey :  
And ye shall have it ; to the lips in blood,  
Patrician blood, I'll steep you ; till the days  
Of Gracchus shall look white compar'd to mine.

Now Aulus——

*Enter A. Gabinius, Consul.*

A 2

*Gab.*

*Gab.* Happiness and length of days  
Wait on our Tribune, and my noble Friend !

*Clod.* Why how now, Consul, these are terms of  
office,

And favour of the Fasces.

*Gab.* Pass on there. *Exeunt Lictors, &c.*

*Clod.* And now, my Friend, how looks the day  
abroad ?

*Gab.* To you clear and propitious ; to your foes,  
And that old scoffing pedant Cicero,  
Louring and mournful, as the garb he wears.

*Clod.* Say'st thou the garb ?

*Gab.* Why, he hath put on black ;  
Know ye not that ? Caius, and all the rest ;  
The whole Tribe mourns ; Terentia too——

*Clod.* 'Tis well ;

'Tis as I wisht it.

*Gab.* Your new law condemns him,  
Which interdicts the elemental uses,  
'To whomsoever shall have put to death  
A Citizen untried.

*Clod.* 'Tis not the law,  
But he himself by this unmanly act  
That doth himself condemn : Weak, shallow coward !  
I would have had his ruin my own work ;  
But he runs on my toils, as if he meant  
To be my rival in his own destruction.

*Gab.* Hear thou this, Catiline ! and ye that bled  
At the proud Consul's bidding !

*Clod.* Yes, Gabinius,  
In my revenge the dead themselves shall join ;  
And by the quick'ning powers of vengeance rous'd,  
The ashes of your brave friend Catiline  
Shall leap and burst their urn.

*Gab.* He was my Friend,  
My brave, unhappy, much-lamented Friend ;  
With pride I own it : Oh ! were this the day,  
When, with my foot on yon proud Pleader's neck,  
I might proclaim it in the Senate's face,  
Up to the beard of Cato.

*Clod.* Soft you now ;  
I hold the Senate as our Friends, Gabinius.

*Gab.*



*Gab.* Hang 'em, dull herd, they're each man's friends  
by turns,

The latest speaker ever has their voices.  
Yon talking gownsmen with his bleared eyes,  
By dealing forth his own applause amongst them,  
And his stale cant of Danger to the State,  
Had almost wrought his hearers to the pitch  
Of driving Publius Clodius forth from Rome,  
The Enemy of his Country.

*Clod.* Hah ! Where met they ?

*Gab.* In the Fane of Concord.

*Clod.* Fane of Concord, say'st thou ?

I tell thee, Aulus, in that very spot,  
Which now they call Concord, but which soon  
Shall prove the scene of civil desolation ;  
I will make fat the dogs of Rome with slaughter,  
Ere I will move one foot from out these walls  
At their audacious bidding.

*Gab.* Fear it not ;  
Their tumult had the life but of a moment ;  
When strait they fell to prayers and abject tears,  
Which I with scorn repuls'd ; whereat enrag'd,  
Uprose the Tribune Ninnius, and mov'd  
That that august Assembly should adopt  
The same dark weeds which Marcus Tullius wore,  
And dignify his sorrows with their own.

*Clod.* The Senate mourn for Cicero ? For Cicero  
Have I then toil'd ? and have I sow'd my gold  
In each base palm, (O wavering worthless Senate)  
For him to reap the harvest of my hopes ?  
My curses on the name !

*Gab.* Who rave you thus ?  
And what am I ? hath not my edict power  
To shake the Senate from their feeble votes ?  
And it hath done it ; from the Rostrum's height  
I have denounc'd my war upon their heads :  
I've silenc'd Lucius Lamia's saucy tongue ;  
Two hundred miles from Rome the exile wanders :  
And what more awful is there in the name  
Of Cicero, than Lamia ? O my Publius,  
Leave we to prey upon the wretched limbs,  
And at the head and vital source of all,

Strike ; there direct one bold decisive blow,  
And live at large hereafter.

*Clod.* Greatly said !

Thy Friendship's warm and animating spirit,  
Breath'd on my ripening projects, calls 'em forth  
To full-grown life, in the same fruitful period  
At once conceiv'd and born ; and therefore, Aulus,  
Thou shalt receive a fruitful recompence ;  
Not bare Cilicia ; but a richer lot,  
Syria, the wealthiest province of the state,  
Shall crown thy fortune, shall repair the breach  
Which thy bold waste has made, and shut out Ruin,  
That else might fasten on thy naked state,  
And pull thee down to shame.——Of this enough,  
'This saucy Tribune Ninnius. ——'Tis well ;  
'Tis well. O Memory, register that deed !  
Yet what of that ? Contemptuous silence quell'd  
The vain light thought, and the rash project fell  
With its first mover.

*Gab.* Couldst thou think it, friend,  
That many of the first esteemed note,  
Curio, Hortensius, and the old stoic Cato,  
Aided the hateful motion ? Weak indeed  
His single voice ; but, spreading as it roll'd,  
It came upon us like the gathering thunder,  
And the low murmur swell'd into a storm.

*Clod.* Are they so rank ? And hath old Cato then  
Forgot his rugged nature, and become  
Fawning and smooth ? To Marcus Tullius smooth ?  
Oh ! I could burst with spleen.

*Gab.* No, Clodius, no :  
Cato is still severe, is still himself ;  
Rough and unshaken in his squalid garb,  
He told us he had long in anguish mourn'd,  
Not in a private but the public cause ;  
Not for the wrong of one, but wrong of all,  
Of Liberty, of Virtue, and of Rome.

*Clod.* No more, I sleep o'er Cato's drowsy theme :  
He is the Senate's drone, and dreams of Liberty,  
When Rome's vast Empire is set up to sale,

And

And portion'd out to each ambitious bidder  
In marketable lots.—But now proceed ;  
Give me more names ; these many I have wrote  
Deep in the vengeful tablets of my heart.

*Gab.* Then in the front and foremost page of all  
Print deep in everlasting characters,  
The hated name of Milo ; his alone,  
When every other eye was read with tears,  
His only burnt with hot and scalding rage ;  
He hates thee, Clodius ; and when all were loud  
For mourning, he with a disdainful air  
Throwing his mantle by, in public view  
Shew'd them his mailed corslet, bid 'em mark it ;  
For 'twas a Roman dress ; their fable scarves,  
Them, as he said, he left to puling maids  
And sedentary widows.

*Clod.* O Gabinius,  
Let me not hear it ; in the world there lives not  
One, whom my soul holds in such perfect hate  
As that same Milo. How it is I know not,  
But by the Gods he awes my very blood ;  
Therefore no more of him.—What said my Cæsar ?  
Tell me how look'd the rising Sun of Rome ?

*Gab.* What, know you not that Cæsar's new command  
Forbids his entrance into Rome ?

*Clod.* 'Tis true :  
But Pompey——

*Gab.* Oh ! who shall attempt to read  
In Pompey's face the movements of his heart ?  
The same calm artificial look of state,  
His half-clos'd eyes in self attention wrapt  
Serve him alike to mask unseemly joy,  
Or hide the pangs of envy and revenge.

*Clod.* See, yonder your old colleague Piso comes——  
But name Hypocrisy and he appears ;  
How like his Grandfire's monument he looks ?  
He wears the dress of holy Numa's days,  
The brow and beard of Zeno ; trace him home,  
You'll find his house the school of vice and lust,  
The foulest sink of Epicurus' sty  
And him the rankest swine of all the herd.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

Clodius, Gabinius, Piso, *attended by several Grecians, and others.*

*Piso.* Now, by the soul of Socrates, I swear

*[Aside to his Attendants.]*

They do me wrong, who say I fought this load  
Of care and envy: I, a weak old man,  
What other taste of joy have I, alas!  
Save only with a few learn'd friends about me,  
To measure out my last low dregs of life  
In peace, and creep into a silent grave.

*Clod.* Most learn'd and noble Piso, fairly met.

*Gab.* Welcome, thrice-worthy Colleague!

*Piso.* Welcome both:

Shame of my old eyes that I saw you not.

*Gab.* Bear with me, Brother, if I'm bold to tell you  
You've done me wrong.

*Piso.* Name it, and be redrest.

*Gab.* You are too studious of your ease, and seek  
To shift the burthen, you was bound to share,  
Upon the weaker shoulders: From the Senate  
Wherefore this morning absent? whilst I bear  
The sweat and labour of the day, at home  
You sit, wrapt up in calm philosophy,  
And moralize at leisure: 'Tis not well.

*Piso.* Give me your pardon, when my Country made  
me

Their Consul, did they make me young withal,  
Active and vigorous, like thee, Gabinius?  
Or take me as they found me, an old man  
Worn out with age and study? Let 'em then  
Look for no other than an old man's service,  
My counsel and my pray'rs; them they shall have.  
I told you 'twould be thus. *(To his Attendants.)*

*Clod.* Whence are these strangers.

*Piso.* Of Athens.

*Clod.* Learn'd, no doubt.——

*Piso.* As Greece e'er bred.

Apollodorus, prithee call to mind

The



The lines which Athenæus (him, I mean  
The Epigrammatist) writes in the praise  
Of the wise Sect of Stoics, the sound school,  
And true definers of the Sovereign Good ;  
Speak low, such are not for the public ear.

*Clod.* How this old specious rascal cheats the world !  
Yon fellow is his parasite, his pimp ;  
I read it on his forehead.

*Piso.* And did Clodia  
Deliver this herself to you ?

*Apol.* Herself,  
With her own gracious lips.

*Piso.* Gods, Gods ! I thank you :  
As soon as I can quit me of her brother,  
With my best speed I'll seek her : Soft you now ;  
Was there nought else ?

*Apol.* Yes, more ; the fatted quails,  
And the red mullet for your mistress Lesbia.——

*Clod.*——Give me your pardon, grave and reve-  
rend Sir,

If I break in upon your better thoughts,  
And beg your patient ear : You're not to learn  
What public, bold, and undisguis'd affront  
I have of late endur'd ; endur'd from one,  
A public railer ; whom nor birth, nor fortune,  
Manhood, nor merit, have made great and noble,  
But rancour, pride, and swoln conceit, conspire  
To render hateful.

*Piso.* 'Tis to Marcus Cicero  
Your preface points ; and I must needs confess  
He is too bitter, and too sharp in speech ;  
That error set aside, I hold him clear  
Of every other stain.

*Clod.* Alas, good Man,  
With what dim eyes you see him ! As for me,  
'Tis known how I have liv'd ; and I must own  
In heat of youth, and wantonness of spirit,  
I have done much to justify reproach :  
But when he makes your gravity his jest,  
Your wisdom and severity of manners  
His table-scandal, every honest man  
Cries out upon the wrong ; and I who love,

Altho'



Altho' I practise not your virtues, burn  
For vengeance on the crime.

*Piso.* When vice is honour,  
I glory in reproach :——But wherefore this,  
And whither would you lead ? You say I'm wrong'd  
Of Marcus Cicero ; be his the shame,  
Who did the wrong ; I know not to revenge.

*Clod.* If private wrongs are nothing, yet your duty  
To your lov'd Country, and the natural hatred,  
Which each free Roman bears to slavery,  
Bid you stand up and show yourself a man.  
You talk of Pompey's greatness, and you tremble  
At the fear'd name of Cæsar. Mighty Gods !  
The tongue of this vain pedant plagues the state ;  
Ay, and enslaves you worse than their ambition,  
Tho' it look up to Empire.

*Gab.* Come, no more.

If you are with us, thus with wide-stretch'd arms,  
As Brother should greet Brother, we embrace you :  
If not, be plain, tell us you hold not with us,  
And we will on without you.

*Clod.* 'Tis enough ;  
*Piso,* I know thy heart, and thou know'st mine ;  
Like cunning gamesters we have plied each other  
With strained art, and run thro' every feint ;  
Now let us draw the undecided stake :  
Take you your title of philosopher,  
Barren unenvied lot : Let me depart  
With the rich spoils of Macedon, which, Jove !  
Thou know'st, I would have pour'd into his lap,  
Who dar'd to own himself my friend.—Farewell.——

*Piso.* Yet hear me, Clodius ; what you take in hand  
Demands mature and calm deliberation ;  
For trust me, 'tis no slight and trivial matter,  
But bold and big with danger : Sleeps he then ?  
And hath the thunder of his eloquence  
Forgot to roll ? Or is it all as easy,  
To buy the life of the first man of Rome,  
As 'tis to traffick for the lowest slave ?  
When he was Consul, all men worship'd him ;  
He was the God of Rome : Not so you say,

“ The

"The Tyrant rather."——Give me proof of that  
 Let it outweigh the public voice, and make  
 'The flatt'ring Senate liars ; and by Heaven !  
 Had I and Marcus Cicero together  
 Laid in one womb, been foster'd at one breast,  
 Indignant I would shake him from my heart,  
 And give him up to justice and to thee.

*Clod.* And if I give you not the proof you ask,  
 Renounce me, Gods !

*Piso.* Upon those terms we close :  
 At present strong occasions draw me hence ;  
 To-night if you can relish such coarse fare  
 As my poor board affords, we will talk farther.——

*Clod.* Agreed.

*Gab.* We'll be your thankful guests : Farewell.

[*Exit Piso.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Clodius, Gabinius.*

*Clod.* So, he's my own ! How quick the old fox  
 doubled ?

Why, what a world is this ! Behold that man,  
 The noblest born in Rome ; wealthy and old,  
 And seeming virtuous ; yet a province buys him :  
 And shall a peasant of Arpinum check  
 The course of my success, and soar a pitch  
 Of virtue, which our Nobles cannot reach ?

*Gab.* Say'st thou, our Nobles ? Why they are his  
 vassals,

And he ambitious sits among the clouds,  
 Like a strange meteor that appalls the world ;  
 Whilst we the sons of earth look up aghast  
 And deprecate his wrath.

*Clod.* Not so, Gabinius,  
 High as he is, this arm shall reach him yet,  
 And crush him in his pride ; the bubble broke  
 All men will mock its emptiness ; and thus  
 When flaming comets vex our frightened sphere,  
 Tho' now the nations melt with awful fear,  
 From the dread omen fatal ills presage,  
 Dire plague and famine, and war's wasting rage ;  
 In time some brighter genius may arise,  
 And banish signs and omens from the skies,

Expound

Expound the comet's nature and its cause,  
 Assign its periods and prescribe its laws ;  
 Whilst man grown wise, with his discoveries fraught,  
 Shall wonder how he needed to be taught.

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in CICERO'S Palace.*

*Tullia, Frugi.*

*Tul.* **A**LONE ; unguarded ; to the house of Clodia,  
 The sister of my father's deadliest foe ?  
 She tempts you to your ruin : This late hour  
 Appointed for your meeting ; her pretence  
 To reconcile her brother to our house,  
 Each circumstance about it breathes contrivance,  
 And meditated mischief. Do not go :  
 Trust her not, Caius ; ah ! she is a woman,  
 The wiliest of her sex.

*Frugi.* What can I do ?

A sinking man will catch at slender holds.

*Tul.* A sinking man ?—Was ever friend like thee ?  
 In his full tide of pow'r my father stood,  
 Like some tall rock, around whose worship'd sides  
 The climbing surges hung, by prosperous gales  
 Driv'n gladly on ; but when the veering wind  
 And fickle current chang'd, the ebbing waves  
 Roll'd back and left him bare. Why then alone  
 Dost thou, unlike the false ones of the world,  
 Embrace a falling fabrick, whose vast ruin  
 Shall bury thee, and dash thy youthful hopes ?

*Frugi.* And, tell me, hast thou never, O my Tullia,  
 Ask'd of thy heart that question ? Never yet  
 Bid it resolve thee, why with anxious zeal  
 For Marcus Cicero, I have stak'd my hopes  
 An uninvited friend, and drawn the rage  
 Of the whole Clodian faction on my head ?

*Tul.* Alas, I know not. Whither would you lead me ?

*Frugi.* Then if thou know'st not why I have done this,  
 It is because my Tullia's charms outweigh,

Great

Great as it is, the virtue of her father ;  
Because it is in love to do and suffer,  
More than the warmest sense of friendship dare.

*Tul.* Take care ; I'd not conceive a less'ning thought  
Of Frugi's friendship—Interested friendship ?——  
An interested service ?—How that sounds !  
Oh ! how it loses the great name of virtue,  
And the sweet praise that gratitude bestows  
On clear intent, and pure beneficence.

*Frugi.* Her father speaks within her : How she awes  
me ?

Fir'd with thy just reproof, I could explore  
The farthest regions of th' untravell'd earth,  
Beyond the sound of thy great father's fame,  
And arm the barbarous nations in his cause,  
If that would gain thy love. But this is raving,  
And Clodia's hour is come ; farewell ! awhile,  
If it be possible, I will forget  
How much I love thee, Tullia. [Exit Frugi.

*Tul.* Is he gone ?

For ever gone ? O stay ; return, my Caius.

FRUGI returns.

*Frugi.* Behold thy Caius—that alluring voice  
Has music in't of such a heav'nly sort,  
As might awake attention in the grave,  
And harmonize the drowsy ear of death.

*Tul.* Ah ! spare my blushes ; spare a doating maid,  
Nor scorn the easy conquest of my heart,  
Which fixt on thee, and with thy virtues charm'd,  
Bursts its confinement and that modest guard,  
Which prudent virgins plant upon their lips ;  
And do not think it weak and slightly pois'd,  
For each vain blast of flattery to o'erturn ;  
Nor charge the softness you alone inspire,  
To female frailty and defective nature.

*Frugi.* No, thou art all that's elegant and fair,  
And perfect upon earth ; and Caius happy  
Beyond whatever gratitude express'd,  
Or fancy drew, when glowing raptures catch  
The poet's breast, and set the soul on fire.

*Tul.* Why must I only answer thee with sighs ?  
What is it hangs thus heavy on my heart,

B

And



And weighs it down, when it should spring with joy ?  
 Alas ! 'tis conscience ; 'tis the pride of honour ;  
 'Tis the severe condition of my fate,  
 Which makes it ruin to be lov'd by Tullia,  
 And warns me to suppress the guilty flame.

*Frugi.* Sure virtue will not be renounc'd of Heav'n :  
 The Gods are just ; thy father must not perish.  
 Clodia, I come. Fate holds her balance forth,  
 That wavers doubtful betwixt death and life.

*Tul.* Ah ! do not rush upon assur'd destruction ;  
 Perhaps that life, which you so rashly venture,  
 Tullia may hold far dearer than her own.

*Frugi.* Then let me stay, till Clodius finds me here,  
 And fate arrests me in my Tullia's arms.

*Tul.* O horror ! how, and what shall I resolve ?

*Frugi.* The pity, that now springs in Clodia's heart,  
 If scorn'd, will turn to unrelenting rage,  
 And burst in ruin on thy father's head.

*Tul.* How soon that name recalls me to myself !  
 Fly, Caius, fly ; ere love revokes the doom,  
 And drives out nature from my vanquish'd heart.

*Frugi.* O Tullia, take, for thou hast won my soul !  
 Now I'm o'erpaid for all that fate can do.

[*Embracing her.*

*Tul.* Ah ! look not, speak not : I relapse apace.  
 Let me not turn a parricide ; away !  
 If I recall thee, come not back. Adieu !  
 While I have strength to speak the word, adieu !

[*Exit Frugi.*

*Tul. alone.* What have I done, and whither is he gone ?  
 To Clodia.—Ah ! I fear that is to death :  
 For she perhaps hath laid this midnight plot,  
 To seize my unsuspecting Frugi's life ;  
 Perhaps, (ah ! that were worse) to seize his heart ;  
 For she is mistress of a thousand charms.  
 O Love, thou wear'st a smiling Cupid's face,  
 Till we fond virgins take thee in our arms ;  
 There warm'd, thou grow'st into an ugly fiend,  
 And strik'st a thousand daggers in our hearts.

[*Exit.*

SCENE



## S C E N E II.

*A Street in ROME.*

C L O D I U S and G A B I N I U S.

*Clod.* Now thou shalt feel me, Rome. Come on, my friend ;

Loud as the orgies of the God of wine,  
Let our bold revels wake the sleeping night,  
And rock the throne of Jove. I tread on air ;  
My mounting spirits lift me from the earth,  
Gay dancing pleasures play around my heart,  
And the full Bacchus revels in my veins.

*Gab.* Excellent Piso ! O most potent Consul !  
Divine philosopher ! why, what a lecture  
Hath yon old thirsty stoic read us, Clodius,  
In the Symposia ? Gods ! with what a throat  
He quafft the rich Falernian, till the fumes  
Wrapp'd round the giddy roof, and breath'd a gale  
Mix'd with Sabeian odors ; all the while  
A female band of Grecian dancers trod  
Their wanton measures to the melting sound  
Of breathing flutes, that caught the ravish'd soul,  
And sooth'd it into harmony and love.

*Clod.* Never did lust and luxury assume  
So sanctified a form ; by the great Gods !  
Methinks your colleague, Aulus, hath a swallow  
As deep as Erebus ; he is a man  
Fit to sit down at a celestial banquet,  
And pledge the Gods in nectar. ————— But behold !  
Yon sober orb hath turn'd her back on night,  
And leans tow'rd's morning ; — the choice minutes fly,  
My soul is up in arms and pants for action :  
Oh ! for some master-deed of glorious mischief ;  
Something, I know not what, but full of wonder,  
Lofty and bold, of the true Clodian stamp ;  
A deed to add new terror to my name,  
Silence the cavils of proud prying gownsmen,  
And fright the world from its dull dream of virtue.

*Gab.* Agreed ; let's up together to mount Palatine ;  
Fire Cicero's palace ; pull the dreaming dotard  
By the long lazy neck, from the stale arms  
Of shrill Terentia ; force his pale-fac'd daughter  
Before his eyes ; then send her weeping back  
To her beloved Caius ; bid him take her  
Fresh from her wrongs to his fond foolish bosom,  
And glean the sordid refuse of our joys.

*Clod.* Hah ! that were well ; a great and apt revenge  
Is my soul's health.—Yet stay—It dawns upon me,  
A bold, sublime, and unattempted deed :  
By Heav'n ! the glorious face of danger charms me,  
And my soul rushes ardent to embrace it.

*Gab.* What is it, speak ; oh ! how I burn to hear it.

*Clod.* If there be thunder, and a Heaven, and Gods,  
They must revenge ; befall that as it may :  
I think not with the vulgar ; let Heaven strike,  
So shall I perish by no earthly hand ;  
But if the light'ning sleep, farewell these horrors,  
Hell is a dream, Religion is a jest,  
And nothing real, but this world we live in.

*Gab.* Why are you rapt ? let me partake your  
thoughts.

*Clod.* My purse, my mistress, and my best of means  
Freely partake ; in danger and in fame  
I brook no rival, and admit no friend :  
All else is open to thee.

*Gab.* Take, O Clodius,  
Take the full glory of thine own attempt,  
Give me the merit only to have known it.

*Clod.* Honest and brave, I know thee ; yet, my  
friend,  
Were this place where we stand a desert waste,  
No living creature but thyself to hear me,  
And you pale conscious planet o'er our heads,  
I would not tell it in the ears of night,  
Lest things inanimate should take a voice  
And blazon it to the world : farewell, farewell.

[Exit Clodius.]

*Gab.* Fortune and fame go with thee, crown thy  
wishes,  
And bring thee back in safety to thy friend. [Exit.]

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in CLODIA's House.*

FRUGI, and an Attendant of CLODIA's.

*Frugi.* Thro' what blind entries lies the Cave of Guilt !Say, whither wouldst thou lead me, thou dark guide ?  
I'll on no further.*Attend.* What ! do you shrink, my Lord,  
And from a harmless woman ? from a fair one ?  
Fie, fie, for shame ! how these unmanly fears  
Befie that noble presence ?*Frugi.* Well, proceed.  
It is my Tullia's cause, the cause of Love. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*An inner Apartment in CLODIA's House.**Piso.* I'm here—so mighty is the force of gold.  
Gold is the key that opes the bower of Love,  
The Sybil branch that charms Hell's centinel ;  
Our passport to Elysium——

FRUGI, enters unseen by PISO.

*Frugi.* Hah ! a man ?  
Amazement, Piso !—Can I trust my eyes ?  
Honour forgive me, if I turn a listener ;  
All means are lawful to detect a villain. [Steps aside.*Piso.* And now inspire me, Wine, thou friend to Love !  
My gold has done its part ; complete the work,  
And be my God for ever.—Yet what hope,  
What hope for age ? Curse on this wrinkled front,  
Bow'd back, slow pulse, weak hams, and slack'ned  
nerves !Curst be Nature rather, trebly curst !  
Who keeps not equal pace in our decay,  
But pays us for the daily waste she makes  
Of this poor body's strength, by throwing on  
Fresh fuel to the unabating lusts,  
And stirs the hell within us.

## SCENE V.

*Enter CLODIA.**Clod.* Where, where is he ?

Thus let me fly to him.—Hah ! who art thou ?

*Piso.* Not know me, Clodia ? Your old faithful slave,  
That throwing thus his age and cares aside,  
Runs to thy arms with a young lover's ardor,  
To claim thy transports, and return their warmth.*Clod.* Off, monster, off ! nor blast me with thy touch.*Piso.* What can this mean ? yet, yet, you know me  
not.*Clod.* Yes, yes, I know thee, (curst be the mark !)  
I thought to have flush'd an Eagle in my toils,  
And find a filthy Raven in his place.*Piso.* It seems I come unwelcome then.*Clod.* You do,  
Most fatally ; and I would curse thee for it,  
But that thou carriest every plague about thee,  
'That I could wish, or Hell itself inflict :  
Who brought you here ? At this late hour how dar'd you  
'To come unask'd ?*Piso.* Unask'd, perfidious woman !  
With your own lips you spoke, repeated welcomes ;  
'The slave that brought 'em swore it.*Clod.* Like a slave  
He lied ; or if I did, my mind is chang'd,  
And as 'twas then my pleasure you should come,  
'Tis now my will that you depart.*Piso.* No more ?——  
Thus do you treat me, thus spurn from your doors,  
Like a base lacquey, the first man in Rome ?  
But have a care, the trodden worm will turn ;  
And I have found thee, proud insatiate woman :  
You have your private, cull'd, and midnight sparks,  
Ready at hand against the hot fire takes you,  
The hirelings of your lust.*Clod.* Blaspheming villain !  
Oh ! that the noble youth were here ! I tell thee,  
Pale,



Pale, tott'ring coward ! he would thrust that tongue,  
That lying tongue, down thy base scurrilous throat.  
Away, old hypocrite ! you dare as well  
With those blear blister'd eyes of thine look up  
In the broad face of the meridian sun,  
When he drinks up the Tyber, as abide  
The terror of his frown.

*Piso.* Would he were here !

*Enter Frugi.*

*Frugi.* Behold you have your wish.

*Clod.* Gods ! Gods ! I thank ye.

Thrice welcome my, deliverer ; what blest star  
Led you unseen to save me ? Now you see him ;  
Now you behold the slave, the midnight hireling ;  
Hah ! looks he like a hireling, like a slave ?  
Down on your knees, your old weak trembling knees,  
And wet his feet with supplicating tears.

*Piso.* Peace, Clodia, peace : Young Lord, I joy to  
see you ;

I came a suppliant to this lady's brother,  
For our friend Cicero, and, how I know not,  
Whether I spake too warm in his behalf,  
Or whether my rude manners gave offence ;  
But I, alas ! unwittingly have drawn  
Displeasure from the fair.

*Frugi.* Alas ! good man ;

If I may boast an interest in her thoughts,  
All shall be well ; we'll all be reconcil'd ;  
I too have hopes of pardon from your favour.

*Piso.* What pardon can the noble *Frugi* need ?

*Frugi.* Alas ! my offence is heinous.

*Clod.* What intends he ?

Where will this end ?

[*Aside.*

*Piso.* Fear not, but speak it boldly ;  
It cannot be too great for my forgiveness.

*Frugi.* First then the names of slave, and midnight  
hireling,

Which you bestow'd on me unseen, I take,  
And wear them as my own.

*Clod.* I'm dumb with wonder.

*Frugi.* For I have ta'en the office of a slave,  
And been a spy upon you ; turn'd a list'ner  
To your most grave soliloquy, am witness To



To this fair lady's most unkind disdain,  
And your most patient bearing ; am possest  
Of your whole heart, and know you what you are.

*Piso.* What am I, speak, Sir !

*Frugi.* Pardon me, my Lord ;  
I'll tell you what you should be ; honest, grave,  
And sober : Consul you should be, and noble  
As your birth speaks you ; in one word,—A Roman !

*Clod.* Hear you that, Sir ? O how thou charm'st me,  
Caius !

My soul drinks love and wisdom from thy lips.

*Piso.* Consul I am, and will be, and as Consul  
Command you from my presence ; hence, avoid !—

*Frugi.* Weak man, I will not, you mistake your office ;

Your Fasces and your Lictors pass not here  
Within a lady's chamber ; your great title  
Is here your shame, not safe-guard.

*Piso.* This to me ?

Honour enough for thee to draw thy blood  
At humble distance from the same great fount,  
With which these veins are fill'd, audacious boy !

*Frugi.* Boast not your birth, lest your great father's  
tomb

Utter a voice against you ; sheath your sword,  
And hide one weakness more : I'll not betray you ;  
Live still a lie ; hypocrisy in you  
Stands in some rank of merit, and in time  
By feigning virtue, may you learn to have it !

*Piso.* Now by the Gods !—

*Frugi.* No more ; O shame, shame, shame !  
Is this to be a Consul ? Go to Cicero,  
Ponder the annals of his glorious aera ;  
Go to his sober couch, and learn of him  
To watch and labour in thy country's service,  
And be the guardian of expiring freedom. (*Exit Piso.*)

## S C E N E VI.

Clodia, Frugi.

*Clodia.* O Frugi, what a happy chance was this !  
Andromeda ne'er blest wing'd Perseus more  
Than I do thee.

*Frugi.*

*Frugi.* Blest rather be the cause,  
And this auspicious hour that brought me here !  
I pause for your commands.

*Clod.* Ah ! why so guarded ?  
You speak not before witnesses, but speak  
To one alone, too much, alas ! your friend.  
Say'st thou, commands ?—O tell me first my power  
Ere I command. Wilt thou not understand ?  
Hast thou not, yes, I know thou hast, the art  
To read a lady's wishes in her eyes ?  
If then thou hast the art, and had'st been kind,  
Thou should'st have let thy wishes marshal mine,  
Have importun'd me to my own desires,  
And kneeling beg'd the joys yourself bestow'd.

*Frugi.* How wide you speak ! Where's Cicero in this ?

*Clodia.* Hah ! Cicero ?—my everlasting hatred  
Pursue and overtake him ! Nature feels not  
Such horror at approaching dissolution,  
As I, to hear your lips pronounce his name.

*Frugi.* Farewell ! I have my answer.

*Clodia.* Caius, stay.  
You are his friend, and would do much to save him ;  
I yet will treat with you on terms of peace  
And reconcilment ; say, what would'st thou do ?

*Frugi.* What would I do ? As much as friend dare  
do ;

And more than all your malice could invent,  
Great as it is, to task me.

*Clodia.* O ingrateful !  
My malice ? But I'll put you to the proof.  
Now, Frugi, now you shall see Clodia's malice,  
How very hard a task-mistress she is :  
If you love Cicero, love him alone ;  
Renounce the daughter to preserve the father ;  
Abandon Tullia.

*Frugi.* Hah !

*Clodia.* Abandon Tullia ;  
And come, O come to these protecting arms :  
With twice her ardor if they meet thee not,  
With twice her fondness if they close not on thee,  
Take her, my happy rival, take again,  
And cast me off to wretchedness and shame.

*Frugi.*



*Frugi.* Can I do this and live ?

*Clodia.* What ! am I scorn'd ?

*Frugi.* Your offers are, tho' bitterest death ensued  
On the refusal.

*Clodia.* And what else will follow ?  
Your fates are in my keeping ; Clodius' hand  
Hangs o'er you, and but waits my nod to strike.

*Frugi.* I know with Clodius how great your power ;  
And know the damning price you bought it at :  
But boast it not ; blush, rather blush to death,  
And deprecate the vengeance of the Gods.

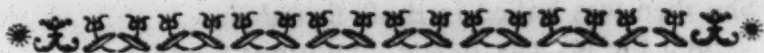
*Clodia.* No, I'll not blush, nor ask the Gods for-  
giveness,

But glory rather that I've found the means  
With these despised charms to blast thee yet,  
And triumph o'er thy peace. Go to your Tullia :  
The sun must soon go down upon your loves,  
And night at last will bring on my revenge.  
Then, when thou see'st the lofty palace flaming,  
Thy mistress seiz'd by the dishevell'd locks,  
Screaming and yelling in the spoiler's arms ;  
Thyself bound down, mad'ning with fruitless rage,  
Then, then, remember me, then know 'tis I,  
It is my Genius that directs thy fate,  
And learn too late to reverence Clodia's charms.

(Exit Clodia.)

*Frugi.* Horror go with thee ! what a look was there ?  
How all the savage purpose of her soul  
Spoke in her eyes ? A sad alternative  
Is offer'd to my choice.——To die with Tullia,  
Or, (which is worse than death) to live with Clodia.

If true to Tullia, and my heart I prove,  
I fall the victim here of slighted love ;  
If Clodia wins me to her loose desires,  
Behold the fond forsaken maid expires !  
Life on thy terms, O Clodia, I disdain ;  
The death of Honour, is exempt from pain.



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

Clodius, Gabinius.

*Clod.* **Y**ET further, Aulus—let these walls not listen,  
Nor the pale prying spirits, that unseen  
Course up and down beneath the shadowy moon,  
Hover about me : rather let me stand  
With night and desolation all around,  
While in thy listful ear I drop my words,  
More lightly than the vernal dew descends  
On the soft lap of Hybla.

*Gab.* Spare your preface,  
And to the purpose, Clodius.

*Clod.* Know then first,  
Cæsar—the God, whom we poor mortals worship,  
Hath a kind wife.

*Gab.* Kind wife?—

*Clod.* I know her kind.  
Nay, never stare and stagger with amaze,  
'T has been the lot of many a better man.

*Gab.* Ye Gods ! the great Triumvir ?—

*Clod.* Yes, Gabinius !  
Like a bold bird of prey, I have dislodg'd  
This tame domestic fowl from off his nest,  
And ris'd all his brood of nuptial joys.

*Gab.* Now thank the Gods ! for if Pompeia's false,  
There's not one true in Rome ; brave men shall flourish,  
Posterity shall bless us ; no man's wife  
Censure her neighbour ; money-hoarding knaves  
Bequeath their usuries to the spendthrift's son,  
And no house want an heir. But say, my Clodius,  
Tell me, dear youth, how, when, and where you met.—

*Clod.* Ay, there my story rises into wonder ;  
There, there, Gabinius, I am more than Clodius ;  
What man yet never dar'd, yet never saw,  
These eyes beheld undaunted. Know, last night,  
My Genius (call it good or evil) led me  
Without the city walls to seek Pompeia :  
She



She then was busied in those sacred rites,  
Which the sex pay to the mysterious Goddess,  
Whom they call good.

*Gab.* That was a bar betwixt you,  
As high as is Mount Athos.

*Clod.* Yes, Gabinius,  
It is a bar to men of common souls,  
Whom base tradition awes, and holy tales  
Told by the dreaming nurse ; but you and I,  
And spirits cast in our ambitious mould,  
Will leap such petty bars, and boldly scorn  
Religion's weak enclosure.

*Gab.* You're my witness  
I dare do much ; but this—forbid it, Gods !  
It chills my blood. Oh ! if thou hast profan'd  
These unreveal'd solemnities, farewell ;  
If there be wrath in Heaven, expect it.

*Clod.* I,  
I have done this and live.

*Gab.* Hang the Heav'n's o'er us ?  
Have those eyes speculation, and that heart  
Motion and sense of life ?

*Clod.* Whole and untouch'd  
I mock the wrath of Jove. Do you avoid me ?  
Survey me well ; where has the light'ning pierc'd ?  
Wast thou the friend of Catiline ? Like children,  
Who talk of goblins, till they think they see 'em,  
Ye draw your Gods with thunder in their hands,  
Till your own fancies fright you. What, d'ye think,  
If there be Gods, will their immortal natures  
Take thought of such a sorry thing as Clodius,  
And taint the peace of their celestial dwellings  
With earthly occupations ? No, Gabinius,  
Serene they sit above this noisy world,  
And yield the reins to chance.

*Gab.* Alas, my friend,  
My wishes, not my reason, are convinc'd.

*Clod.* There then abide, and never seek to know,  
What known will leave thee hopeless. But no more,  
I should have told thee under what disguise  
I enter'd ; how betray'd ; and with what art  
I 'scap'd ; but that thy inauspicious looks

Have



Have chill'd the pregnant functions of my brain,  
And strangled the brave story in its birth.

*Gab.* There in oblivious silence let it lie,  
Lest Rumor's ever-open ears should hear it,  
And all her thousand mouths proclaim the deed.  
How would your foes exult? The sacred College,  
How would they rise against you? What dire ills  
Would the prophetic Figulus denounce?  
How would the Prætors punish? Above all  
Think you hear Cicero declaim against you,  
With all the energy of voice and action,  
And tears and words, that give the thing they speak,  
And realize description: All around  
The list'ning Senate hang upon his lips;  
Whilst you, as Catiline did once, with shame  
And blushes cover'd underneath his lash  
Sit like a chidden school-boy; or, contending,  
After faint struggle, you are borne along  
Down the strong torrent of his eloquence,  
Like the light trash that rides upon the flood,  
When the Alps pour their deluge on the plains.

*Clod.* Yet, yet, I am before you: Come, my friend,  
And I will lead you up to glorious action;  
The garish sun is set, this night concludes;  
To-morrow, I or Cicero am nothing. *(Exeunt.)*

## S C E N E II

*An Apartment in CICERO'S Palace.*

Tullia, Frugi.

*Tul.* Why do you meet me thus with alter'd looks?  
Your full heart labours with unvented sorrow,  
And in the silent language of the eyes  
Tells me, I never shall know comfort more.

*Frugi.* I cannot speak to her.

*Tul.* Do you shun me, Caius?  
Ah! that cold look has froze me into horror.  
Am I grown stale? has this poor form of mine

Lost all its little merit? have these tears  
Quite, quite effac'd the roses of my cheeks?

*Frugi.* Heav'n be my witness, how thou wrong'st  
my love!

No, thou'rt more welcome to my sight, and fairer,  
Than yon all-blessed sun; more dear thou art  
To this sad breast, than are the vital drops  
That fall in tender pity from my heart.

*Tul.* Oh! had you known the visions of last night—  
Under how many dismal shapes of horror  
Did that dear image haunt my sleepless eyes!  
Methought I saw thee lie an out-stretch'd corse,  
Stuck full of wounds and weltring in thy blood;  
Strait I beheld the traitress Clodia take  
A secret dagger from her cursed bosom  
Dripping with blood, and smile upon the point:  
Then at a thought the scene of blood was shifted,  
And all was revelry, and all was love;  
I saw my Frugi lying in her arms,  
Gazing with lifted eyes upon her face;  
Aloud I call'd thee; thou with feeble tone  
Coldly replied, "Alas! unhappy Tullia!"  
And sunk again into her arms.

*Frugi.* No more;  
My blood runs back with horror at the thought:  
While thus I strain thee to my throbbing bosom,  
Blest as I am, and honour'd in thy love,  
At this dear moment my presaging heart,  
Quailing and sinking with unusual softness,  
Feels all the pangs that parting souls endure,  
When rigid fate exacts her stern demands,  
And Nature bids a last farewell to life.

*Tul.* What are thy thoughts? O tell me whence they  
rise,  
What is it shakes thy noble nature thus?  
Ah! now I see, I read it in thy looks;  
It must be so; destruction is complete,  
And my great father falls.

*Frugi.* Rome is no more;  
Dire Clodius reeking with a mother's blood,  
Plants the last wound in her expiring breast.  
Peace, Science, Virtue, mutual Faith and Freedom,

Each

Each art, and every Grace is on the wing ;  
 Before 'em flies the day, and at their back  
 Hellish Corruption sows the land with death,  
 Making a void more hideous and more dark  
 Than central night.

*Tul.* My father, O my father !

*Frugi.* I came this instant from the godlike man.  
 Silent long time the musing patriot sate,  
 His big heart lab'ring with contending cares ;  
 While from his eyes the sacred pity fell,  
 Like Heav'n's blest dew upon a thankless soil,  
 And all the Father of his Country mourn'd.

*Tul.* Ah ! what does he resolve ?

*Frugi.* To leave this city,  
 To leave Terentia, and thy weeping self,  
 A voluntary Exile.

*Tul.* Hah ! an Exile ?  
 It must not, cannot be.

*Frugi.* Alas ! my Tullia,  
 Not built on fear, or Passion's slippery base,  
 His cool mature resolves are fix'd as Fate.  
 I heard the final sentence pass his lips ;  
 To-morrow sees him turn his back on Rome,  
 Self-doom'd, to search for some more friendly shore,  
 There to abide till better days succeed,  
 And Rome deserves his presence.

*Tul.* Leave his Country,  
 Forfake his friends, forsake his household Gods,  
 And tear asunder each dear natural tie  
 That wraps about his heart ? Heav'n will forbid it,  
 His bitterest foes will kneel to hold him back,  
 The very walls of Rome will rise against him,  
 And meeting close their great preserver in.

*Frugi.* Alas ! thou know'st not what a world thou  
 liv'st in.

Dwells there in this base city one so bold,  
 Who dares to own himself the friend of Virtue ?  
 The public body is diseas'd and foul,  
 Rotten at heart, and ripe for dissolution ;  
 Our Magistrates are slaves, our Nobles beggars,  
 Our Courts of Justice made a public mart,

Where black Corruption holds her damning traffic  
In the broad eye of day.

*Tul.* Then what am I ?

Where can the fatherless look out for pity ?  
Ah ! where can friendless Virtue hide her head ?

*Frugi.* Never, while these fond arms have strength  
to move,

Or this poor bleeding heart has sense to beat,  
Shall that dear head be left without a shelter.  
Come, Clodius ; come, Gabinius ; to your swords  
My willing breast I offer ; spare my Tullia,  
My dying lips shall bless you for the stroke,  
And call its torture mercy.

*Tul.* No, my Caius !

Blest Hymen joys not in unequal bands.  
O had I known thee in those happier days,  
When Fortune smil'd upon my father's house,  
Without a blush I should have told my love,  
And thou with honour claim'd me for thy wife.  
But now, instead of pow'r, and fame, and wealth,  
To bring thee want and ruin for my portion,  
Honour forbids it, and my heart that loves thee  
Scorns to be such a debtor.

*Frugi.* Dearest maid,

Dearer in all thy wrongs, than if thou cam'st  
Deck'd in the splendor of thy fullest fortune,  
My soul almost rejoices in thy sorrows :  
Ambition else had shar'd my thoughts with thee,  
And Interest stol'n some portion of my love ;  
But now Adversity's refining fire  
Melts down the base alloy of earthly passions,  
And purifies the temper of the heart.

*Tul.* No more ; I must not hear that flatt'ring tongue ;  
My father now demands my duty—leave me.  
Still are you here ?—Farewell.

*Frugi.* Forgive me, Tullia,

I cannot leave thee. O I could unfold  
A tale of horror—The grim night comes on,  
And the dark ministers of Hell are busy :  
Let me not leave thee.

*Tul.*



*Tul.* If my hour is come,  
 And ruin hangs o'er this devoted head,  
 Make from the fall ; live thou to think on me,  
 And grace my memory with a noble sorrow ;  
 If I had lov'd thee less, we had not parted ;  
 Now take my last embrace : Break, break, my heart !  
 Farewell, (alas ! and must I say) for ever ? (*Exit Tullia.*)

*Frugi.* And hast thou left me ? Yet I will be near thee,  
 Glide after thee with still and ghost-like steps,  
 Haunt the lov'd spot, and hover o'er my treasure.  
 (*Exit Frugi.*)

## S C E N E III.

*An Inner Apartment.*

C I C E R O, is discovered alone.

And what is Rome ? There's breathing space enough  
 Without the walls of Rome ; then Rome farewell :  
 I've said it ; and my heart performs its office  
 As steadily as ever : But, O Nature,  
 With what voice shall I say, Farewell, Terentia,  
 Tullia, farewell ? how heavily that sounds !  
 There, there's the pang : And yet there lies beyond it,  
 Something too horrible for thought——to page  
 Ambitious Cæsar's heels, to lick the dust  
 Of Pompey's hall, and cringe for sordid life.  
 O death to Honour ! Come thou, Clodius, rather,  
 And rip this breast : Yet on these slavish terms  
 Live all in Rome ; be exile then my choice !

*Enter Atticus.*

Hah ! by my soul's best hopes, my Atticus !  
 Blest be the guiding hand of heav'n that brought thee,  
 From peaceful climes, and philosophic scenes,  
 Safe thro' a boist'rous and discordant world,  
 To this storm-beaten hut.

*Att.* Still are you here ?

Up, up, my friend, and disappoint these traitors :

Break from the toils just ready to enclose you,  
And follow Virtue in her flight from Rome.

*Cic.* What, art thou come to chide me, my Pomponius?

But do it freely; it becomes thy friendship.

*Att.* I cannot flatter; I am wean'd from Rome,  
And Roman Arts; I think that Cæsar's oaths  
Are empty words; and would not build my faith  
On Pompey's promises, which drop as fast  
From his oil'd lips, as flakes of snow from clouds;  
And, oh! the sorrow, melt away as soon.

*Cic.* Both are ambitious, faithless both, and cruel;  
Yet Cæsar's bold oppression irks me less,  
Than Pompey's pliant falshood. 'Twas this morn  
I sought him on Mount Alba, (do I live  
To own it?) waited like a needy client  
In his proud hall, whilst he escap'd unseen  
Like a detected criminal, and left me  
To think on faith, and ponder o'er my wrongs.

*Att.* Where is the ancient Roman spirit fled?  
What are these mighty men, but as you make 'em?  
Like a blind doating mother you have nurs'd  
Growing Oppression, with the milk of Freedom,  
Which now ingrateful, factious and adult,  
Spurns at the breast it fed on: Hapless Rome,  
Like a tame jade, hath giv'n her patient back  
To each aspiring rider, and now spent  
And giddy with the course of their ambition,  
Sinks with her weight, and bleeds at every stroke.

*Cic.* I can no more: These hands, that once already  
Have giv'n their country life, now want a shield  
To fence themselves from ruin. O Pomponius,  
The inevitable day comes on apace,  
When this tyrannic league shall burst asunder;  
And yon cemented friends, like ravening dogs,  
Contending for their prey, drag different ways  
The mangled remnant of expiring Freedom,  
And drench the world in blood.

*Att.* Then make from Rome;  
Seek out a shelter ere the night comes on,

And

And the wild uproar of the storm begins ;  
 Call up the injur'd shade of great Metellus ;  
 Hear him repeat his last departing words,  
 And let him point the road to glorious exile.

*Cic.* No more ; it is resolv'd ; thus, my Pomponius,  
 I banish Rome ; behold ! indignant thus  
 I cast behind me every tender thought  
 Of this degenerate country ; never more  
 Shall these sad eyes behold th' all-glorious Sun  
 Rise on her guilty domes, till bath'd in tears,  
 Her proud head with repentant ashes strow'd,  
 This base unnatural Daughter lowly comes  
 To call her Father to his natural home.

*Att.* Come then, my friend, and in some distant  
 land,

Where Freedom and the liberal Graces dwell,  
 We'll make ourselves a home, and call it Rome ;  
 And fear not, Marcus, but the same bright Sun  
 That crowns the lofty Capitol, shall stoop  
 His gracious head with beams of orient gold  
 To kiss our humble dwelling ; there together,  
 As Scipio and his Lælius idly pac'd  
 The shores of soft Laurentum, we will walk  
 The vacant beach, and as the thronging waves,  
 Like morning clients, bow their curled heads  
 To kiss our feet, we'll spurn the flatterers from us,  
 And blush to think we ever were ambitious.

*Cic.* O happy friend ! thy calm and temperate mind,  
 With Attic wisdom fraught, can look with scorn  
 On base Ambition and its empty joys ;  
 But all in vain, I struggle to get free,  
 The guilty world still hangs about my heart ;  
 The pageantry of office, the loud shouts  
 Of the throng'd Forum, and the frequent Senate  
 With one voice, hailing me their Country's Father,  
 Still echo in my ears ; bear with my weakness,  
 Rome yet sits heavy here.

*Att.* O happier state !  
 To follow Nature in her simple haunts ;  
 With early steps to climb the shaggy sides  
 Of some hoar cliff, and meet the dewy breath  
 Of Morning, issuing from the flow'ry vale :

Or soft reclining on the mossy turf,  
 In solemn musings rapt, or sacred song,  
 Careless to lie, and as the dimpling brook  
 Steals gently by, with motionless regard  
 To eye the floating mirror ; while as fast  
 Down Meditation's smooth and silent tide,  
 In easy lapse your tuneful moments flow,  
 Clear and untroubled as the passing stream.

*Cic.* What ho ! Terentia ; come, thou best of women ;

And thou, my dearest Tullia, come. Behold,  
 My daughter and my wife ! now judge me, Atticus,  
 And tell me if these sorrows are unseemly.

#### S C E N E IV.

CICERO, ATTICUS, TERENTIA, TULLIA.

*Att.* I own them just.

*Cic.* Let me embrace you both :

O Clodius, thou hast conquer'd.

*Teren.* Still on Clodius ?

Come to your peaceful bed ; the night is dang'rous ;  
 Strange screamings up and down the streets are heard,  
 Our Lares fall untouch'd, and your Minerva,  
 Chief of the tutel'ar Deities, dissolves  
 In drops of blood.

*Cic.* Gods, I obey your omens !

Come, lead me to the altar, my Terentia,  
 And let me see these prodigies ; farewell,  
 Ye much-lov'd walls, ye shall not long survive  
 Your master's fall : no more of sleep within you :  
 Ye are my witness, 'tis not the first time  
 That I have watch'd for this ingrateful country.  
 O Friend, when I am gone, protect my wife,  
 And be a father to my helpless daughter.

*Teren.* Will you forsake me, Tullius ? On my knees  
 I beg you stay : Your friends are great and many ;  
 Your hopes yet fresh and smiling, while the faction  
 And their cause drop ; murder not then your fame,  
 Abandon



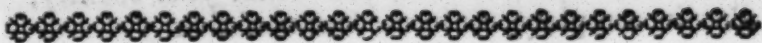
Abandon not your friends, your wife, your country,  
But live our glory, and your foes confusion.

[Terentia and Tullia kneel to him.]

Cic. Dost thou too kneel, thou weeping, speechless  
maid? [To Tullia.]

Rise, rise, ye pow'rful pleaders! in your hands  
I rest my cause. When I am gone from Rome,  
And Envy that now tears me from her side,  
Sated with vengeance, sleeps; arise you then,  
And in the melting accents of distress  
Tell my sad story, till at length you see  
The soft infection stealing on your hearers,  
And pitying Rome restores me to your arms.





## A C T IV S C E N E I.

*A View of Mount PALATINE and CICERO's Palace.*

CLODIUS, *attended with Soldiers, &c.*

Clod. **P**EACE, and hear all! by Heav'n ye glad  
me well;  
Thus drest in flames ye look as Romans should.  
Is there amongst you one who loves revenge?  
Behold I bear a torch to light him to it.  
Is there amongst you one who hates a tyrant?  
Your Tribune tells you Cicero's a tyrant.  
Then crush him, and be free; and in the spot,  
Where yon proud palace stands, I'll raise a shrine  
To Liberty in memory of your fame.  
You know your parts: Now, Romans, to your work.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*TULLIA is dragged along by GABINIUS.*

*Tul.* O save me, save me——Monster, let me go,  
Or I will rend Heav'n's concave with my cries;  
Guardians of virtue, hear me!

*Gab.* Cease your clamour:  
Virtue in Rome? You spend your breath in vain.

*Tul.* Have you no pity? Romans, will you see  
The daughter of your once lov'd Consul dragg'd  
To horrid violation? Traitors! villains!  
Where now, O Frugi; where art thou, my Caius?

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*Various Ornaments belonging to CICERO's Palace, are borne across by CLODIUS' Soldiers. A Cry of Mercy is heard, and several Domestics are forced across the Stage.*

*CLODIUS is discovered, they kneeling to him.*

*Clod.* Mercy? away. The red plague seize you all!  
Accurst and wither'd be the hand that spares you;  
An universal curse involve mankind!

*Enter Clodia.*

*Clodia.* How now, why rave you?

*Clod.* Cicero is fled.

*Clodia.* Hah! is he fled? 'tis well; it aids my project;

But what of Frugi?

*Clod.* He too is escap'd.

*Clodia.* Confusion to my hopes! And Tullia with him.

How have you slept to let 'em thus escape you?

*Clod.* Tullia is seiz'd; Gabinius bore her off,  
Her father with Terentia, as it seems,  
Fled to the Capitol.

*Clodia.* Forsook his daughter?

'Tis strange! and Frugi too (O gallant lover!)

Saw bold Gabinius seize his captive fair one,

And meanly turn'd his back upon her cries:

Perdition seize the coward! O my Publius!

Fly to the Capitol; from his asylum

Drag the pale fugitive, and never sheath

Thy manly sword, till you can say to Clodia,

"'Tis done: he lives no more."

*Clod.* My guide! my mistress!

I go thy ready minister of Death.

Farewell; you are obey'd, and he is nothing.

*Clodia.* Oh! only worthy of thy Sister's love,

These arms shall welcome my returning hero,

With ecstasies that Nature dares not own,

And only Lovers feel.

*Exit Clodius.*

No more of that——

Reflection

Reflection touch not there.— } *A Noise is heard, as of*  
 Heav'ns, what a fall ! } *the fall of a Building.*

Behold the blazing trophy of Revenge !

Hail, glorious ruin, 'midst unnumber'd pangs,

There is some consolation in these horrors.

Yet Frugi lives—and Clodius' sword again

May quit its prey unflesh'd.—Prevent it then :

Secure my victim by a second blow————

Hah ! by my hopes, Volumnius is at hand,

He's bold, and apt, and made for midnight uses——

Thus doubly arm'd, I come, ingrateful man !

With all the warm fond wishes of a bride

To meet thee, my belov'd ! enjoy thy pangs

And in thy blood consummate my revenge. (*Exit Clodia.*)

#### SCENE IV.

*The Portico of the Capitol. Frugi and Tullia.*

*Frugi* Here we are safe ; Murder and Violation  
 Far off avoid these consecrated walls,

Aw'd by the present God. Weep then no more,

Look up and know thy Frugi : The dire image

Of the accurst Gabinius haunts thee yet,

And when I strain you in my faithful arms,

You start and cry, “ Off, off ! and force me not ! ”

So the poor deer, that 'scapes the hunter's toils,

Trembling and panting with tumultuous fears,

Looks all around her, starts at every breeze,

And with her lov'd companion by her side

In her safe haunt, still thinks herself pursued.

*Tullia.* O born to save and to possess my heart !

At length I wake to Reason and to thee ;

Thy well-lov'd form, like the all-glorious Sun

After a gloom of horror dawns upon me,

And day breaks in on my benighted soul.

*Frugi.* But tell me, Tullia, if thy fears have left  
 So much remembrance with thee, what strange chance  
 Staid thee behind, thus helpless and alone ?

*Tul.*



*Tul.* Soon as the tumult of the night began,  
 And Clodius enter'd with his savage crew,  
 'Thro' all the house I heard a dreadful voice  
 Calling aloud on thee: Our household slaves  
 Wild and unarm'd ran shrieking up and down:  
 My father fled; with weak and tott'ring steps  
 I follow'd; when anon the uproar ceas'd.  
 Whereat, methought, a faint and dying voice  
 Cried, "Frugi is no more."—At that I stopt;  
 Rooted with fear and motionless I stood.  
 Again it murmur'd—"Caius is no more"——  
 When all at once, unknowing what I did,  
 I plung'd into the flames, thro' ev'ry room  
 Pursu'd the flying voice; while all around  
 The blazing roof burst o'er my desperate head,  
 And the fierce spoilers tofs'd their flaming brands:  
 'Twas here Gabinius——

*Frugi.* Oh! break off thy story.  
 Good Heav'n! hadst thou the heart to rush thro' flames  
 And men, more fierce than flames, for Frugi's sake,  
 When thy fond fancy heard his dying groans?  
 O wond'rous effort of transcendent love!  
 How hast thou by this all-exceeding act,  
 Stript my last service of its little merit,  
 And made my love a bankrupt!

*Tul.* O my Caius,  
 Thus may I keep thee ever in my debt:  
 But ah! I tremble for thee, my Preserver,  
 To think the wretch that seiz'd me is a Consul.

*Frugi.* Wou'd he had met the death! blush, Great-  
 ness, blush,  
 Rage on, ye flames, and bury Rome in ruins,  
 For Lust and Murder have usurp'd dominion,  
 And virtue's cries are sent to Heav'n against thee.

*Tul.* Peace, Frugi, peace: The all-disposing God,  
 Who from this Capitol, his earthly throne,  
 Surveys all Rome, and sees and knows our wrongs,  
 Just to our cause, in his own chosen time  
 Vengeful will launch his unexpected bolt,  
 And crush 'em in the fulness of their crimes.

*Frugi.* Methinks a voice, like the plaintive sound

Of distant waters, thro' the vaulted isles  
Deep-murmuring strikes mine ear.

*Tul.* It is my father's.

Here in the presence of protector Jove  
Secure he vents the anguish of his heart,  
And bids farewell to Rome. With silent steps  
And reverential awe, let us approach  
The venerable man ; when Virtue mourns,  
The Gods are present and partake its sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E V.

*The inner Part of the Capitol. CICERO, TERENTIA.*

*Cic.* Author of Life, behold and help thy Creature !  
Is Reason giv'n us, yet its use denied ?  
So were thy gift our torment. Freely then,  
Oh ! let me ask, by what law dost thou govern ?  
By Justice—as becomes a gracious father ?  
Or by wild will—as suits a lawless King ?  
Not so before. Then let the guilty tremble ;  
Virtue is safe from harm. So I myself  
Guilty pronounce ; else wherefore thus undone ?  
Does Conscience, that just Judge, confirm my sentence ?  
There I am clear. My faults are then not mine,  
But Nature's ; against which no verdict lies :  
Have the Gods less forbearance ?

*Teren.* Thou methinks,  
My Tullius, hast too much. Can Reason heal  
Wrongs, great as ours ? No ; 'tis Revenge must cure 'em.  
Would I could breathe my woman's soul into thee !  
Ills, that make thee despair, embolden me.  
Yon palace, which now blazes to its base,  
Feels not so fierce a flame as rages here.

*Cic.* But this, perhaps, is best ; and Heav'n may lay  
Her rod on Virtue's head, to teach mankind  
That retribution lies beyond the Grave,  
And stretch their prospect to another Life.  
Need Heav'n to prove its mercy then be cruel ?

Can

Can good ends spring from none but evil means ?  
O Jove ? in justice if thou art not seen,  
Where shall we seek thee ? I am lost in doubt :  
This only melancholy truth I know,  
That Clodius triumphs, and that I'm undone.

*Teren.* All is not lost ; go forth ; The name of Cicero,  
That magic word, shall raise all Rome about you ;  
Meet Ruin in mid-way, and beat it back  
On him that sent it.

*Cic.* Vain, presumptuous hope!  
Save only my integrity, Terentia,  
What in this world have these despoilers left me?  
With thee I soon must part, and what sad fortune  
Attends my absent daughter, Heaven alone,  
And the dread Agents of Heav'n's vengeance know;  
My Friends—but wherefore name I friends? They  
drop'd  
With the first blast that shook me.

[*Frugi and Tullia enter.*

S C E N E VI.

FRUGI, TULLIA, CICERO and TERENTIA.

*Teren.* See, Despairer,  
Yet, yet, we are not quite renounc'd of Heaven.

*Cic.* My Tullia, O my daughter, do I live  
Once more to see and bleſs thee, ere we part?  
How did I loſe thee in this night's confuſion?  
And how, when Death and Violation ſcour  
Th' affrighted city, arm'd with all Hell's flames,  
Haſt thou, defenceleſs maid, eſcap'd unhurt?

*Tul.* Behold the guardian of my life and honour !  
 Dragg'd by the hands of the accurst Gabinus  
 Half-dead and sinking with my fears he found me,  
 Like my preserving Angel, he redeem'd me,  
 Snatch'd me from death and ruin, brought me to thee,  
 And gave me second life.

*Cic.* All-gracious Powers !  
If when ye rain'd your sorrows on my head,  
Unknowing of your provident designs,  
And to the period of my sufferings blind,  
Murmuring I took my fate, impute it not.

*Frugi.* O that I dar'd to speak ! but Tullia's looks  
Awe, while they charm, and while they prompt, forbid.

*Cic.* O Rome ! O Country ! once the patriot soil  
Of Freedom ; parent once of god-like Virtues,  
Mistress of Arts and Empire ! now, alas !  
The dying victim of unnatural Faction,  
And stage of rank Corruption ! Yet I'll hope,  
Fall'n as thou art, yet I'll not deem thee lost,  
While thou can'st boast one son of genuine worth,  
Noble, as this dear Youth : 'Thou see'st, my Frugi,  
How Rome rewards my services ; yet, oh !  
Let not the memory of my wrongs extinguish  
That spark divine, which animates the soul,  
And lights the path of glory ; but where I,  
'Torn from my Country's side, now drop the work  
Unfinish'd, thou with fresher nerves succeed  
To the brave toil, and fill the mighty plan  
With Freedom, such as our great Fathers gave it.

*Frugi.* How my soul burns within me ! O my guide,  
Model my young ambition ; teach me how  
I may deserve to die in this great cause,  
And leave a name immortal as thy own.

*Cic.* By one firm faithful even course of honour ;  
By standing forth alone, not Cæsar's follower,  
Not Pompey's slave, but Rome's and Virtue's friend :  
Sworn to no party ; 'midst corruption pure ;  
Scorning all titles, dignities, and wealth,  
When weigh'd against Integrity ; rememb'ring  
'That Patriot is the highest name on earth.

*Enter ATTICUS.*

*Att.* Hail, Friend ! or rather let me greet thee, Exile !  
For from this night, I'll own no other name :  
Roman ? no more on't ; Scythian call me rather ;  
For we have chang'd conditions : Social Virtue  
Is fled beyond the mountains ; nothing now  
Is truly barbarous, but within these walls.

*Cic.* Is there aught new abroad ?

*Att.* What can be new,  
When I have seen mount Palatine ? What strange,  
When I have heard the Father of his Country  
Revil'd, insulted, banish'd ?

*Cic.*



*Cic.* Came you thence,  
From yonder pile of ruin ?

*Att.* 'Tis no more :

These eyes beheld it level with the dust ;  
The mansion of my friend, the social seat  
Of polish'd manners, gay convivial wit,  
And hospitable ease. Alas ! the days,  
The nights, that we have known ; Bear with me,  
Marcus,

But my remembrance gave such life and being  
To the sad scene, so knit and wove together  
Things living with inanimate ; methought  
'Twas thou, my friend, that fell ; struck with the sight,  
I follow'd the false impulse of my heart,  
And on the senseless ashes dropt a tear.

*Cic.* I look'd not for this show of tenderness,  
And thank thee for it from my heart, my Atticus :  
But tears are catching, and these eyes are apt  
To every soft infection. You have said,  
When you would wean my thoughts from Rome,

“ Content

“ Depends not upon place ;” Why then farewell  
Ye scenes of past delights, exil'd from you  
With Freedom and with Virtue for my guides,  
Indifferent where to fix, I'll range the world,  
And Rome shall follow me where'er I go.

*Att.* Arise, set forth, cast not a look behind,  
But seize the present Now ; on every side,  
Around, above, beneath you, all is Treason ;  
Our streets, our houses, nay, our very temples,  
Daily she haunts ; ev'n here you are not safe ;  
On Jove's own Capitol her ensigns float,  
And bid defiance to the bolts of Heav'n.

*Cic.* Give me the Statue — “ Stand thou there,  
Minerva,

“ Goddess ador'd ! my last departing pledge

“ To after-ages ; prop the falling state,

“ And be to Rome what Cicero is no more.”—

Now, friends, have with you ; bear with me this once,  
I'll task your friendship but a few short hours,  
And quit you then for ever.

*Tul.* Break, break, Heart !

*Ter.* Confusion light on the whole race of Clodius !  
Must we be torn afunder ?

*Cic.* Spare, O spare me !

The cruel moment comes full fraught with woe  
Sufficient for itself. Now, Frugi, Atticus,  
Dear Youth, and best approved Friend, bestir you ;  
South of the Capitol take you your course,  
And fetch a wider compass ; from Mount Aventine  
Summon young Curio to the Capuan gate :  
Thou eastward to the Caelian hill, my Atticus,  
Call up Hortensius, raise Servilius Rufus,  
Lentulus and Caelius ; but let Milo sleep ;  
His heady zeal will know no bounds, and stain  
The civil tenour of my cause with blood.  
Do this, and meet me both at Vesta's Temple ;  
There I must render up to her protection  
This well-beloved charge. Pass on ; that way  
Is private.——Hah ! and am I fallen so low ?  
I, that so often have been borne along  
In triumph thro' these gates.—Mark this, young Man,  
And learn the vanity of Human Greatness. (*Exeunt.*)

## S C E N E VII.

### *The Entrance of the Capitol.*

*Clod.* 'Tis He ; (may lightning catch and blast his  
speed !)

'Tis Frugi ; muffled as he is, I know him :  
Just where the moon-beam finites athwart the portal  
My eye o'er-took him ; (would my sword had so !)  
What can be done ? Singly attempt a faction ;  
And rush on certain death ? My band-all broke,  
Buried in wine and plunder : Then the place——  
Jove's own peculiar Temple ; who if aught  
Can stir him, now must put forth all the God,  
Or lose his name Capitoline. No more :  
Away, vain fears ; ye strangers to my heart !  
Alone, without a friend, save this good sword,  
And the great ruling Fate that moves within me,  
Against all Law, and Right, and Men, and Gods,  
'Thus I advance to conquest, or to death.

(*Enters the Capitol.*  
SCENE.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Clodia enters alone.*

It must be by his blood : The word is past  
 'Twixt me and Death, and he expects his victim.  
 My love I tender'd, he disdain'd my love,  
 And chose my vengeance ; vengeance let him have !  
 Is this hard dealing, Gods ? In common life,  
 Things noxious and abhorr'd we freely kill,  
 But what we love we spare ; my heart then asks  
 Must Frugi die ? Ah ! rather must he live ;  
 For Tullia live ? while this despised form,  
 To which the proudest knees in Rome have bent,  
 Whilst Heav'n was left unworship'd, shall abide  
 The killing taunts of an insulting Rival,  
 And waste itself with Envy. Come, Volumnius ;  
 Come, Clodius ! rather let your keen swords meet  
 And hack each other, in the dying heart  
 Of this dear scornful youth. My soul is tost  
 Upon a sea of blood, whose stormy channel  
 My lab'ring bark must pass, ere it can reach  
 That land of Peace, to which its Hopes are bound.

*Clodius comes out of the Temple.**Clod.* Hah ! who art thou ?

*Clodia.* A woman, and a bold one ;  
 That shrinks not to receive thee to her arms,  
 Fresh from thy crimes, and purpled o'er with blood.

*Clod.* Hail, Mistress of my Soul ; 'tis done : Revenge  
 Hath had her fill, and Frugi is no more.  
 Warm from the living fountain of his heart,  
 Behold how, like a young and blushing maid,  
 My pale steel, flecker'd with the ruddy drops,  
 Weeps for the deed 't has done.

*Clodia.* Give me the dagger :  
 And is this then the haughty high-born blood,  
 That flush'd with conscious pride upon his cheek,  
 When deaf to Love's soft pray'rs he spurn'd me from  
 him,  
 And chid me with an insolence of Virtue ?  
 Now, Clodius, where's the body ?

*Clod.*

*Clod.* Drench'd in blood  
 On the cold pavement, and defac'd with wounds,  
 There, where it fell it lies. Alone I enter'd ;  
 I listen'd ; all was silence ; save the sound  
 Of feet light treading on the echoing floor ;  
 Near and more near he came ; I cowering low  
 Crept behind Pompey's statue ; till at once,  
 Quick as a lion from his watch, upon him  
 I sprung, and thrust my weapon to his heart ;  
 He started, fell, and died without a groan.

*Clodia.* But where was Cicero ?

*Clod.* Where fled I know not.

*Clodia.* It is enough ; my vengeance is complete.  
 Drag forth the body.—— Yet I'll view those eyes  
 Seated in death ; Clodius hath marr'd their lustre,  
 And I may gaze unharm'd.

*(Clodius drags the body forth.)*

*Clod.* What have I done ?  
 Volumnius ?—— aim'd my dagger at my foe,  
 And struck a Sister's heart. Where shall I vent  
 My curses ? on the living or the dead ?  
 On him, myself, or Frugi ? Hence, away !  
 Thou hateful minister. *(Throws away his dagger.)*  
 Oh ! I am mock'd  
 Of Heaven, and made the veriest fool of Nature.

*Clodia.* Was this well done ?

*Clod.* Sister, by Heav'n I swear——

*Clodia.* And dar'st thou swear  
 By Heav'n, when Hell itself is in thy heart ?  
 I bad thee strike a bold and open foe ;  
 Thou basely murder'st an unguarded friend.

*Clod.* Do I deserve this of thee ? Think, O think !

*Clodia.* 'Tis thought that makes me mad. Ah !  
 wretched me !

Doom'd to be wrong'd and scorn'd by those I lov'd.  
 For thee, ingrateful, have I stab'd my fame ?  
 For thee endur'd the hiss of public scorn,  
 And stifled Nature's cries ? Was it for thee,  
 That thou might'st revel in my widow'd arms,  
 I plung'd my soul in blood ; a Husband's blood ?  
 And is not this enough ? must he too perish,  
 That guiltless youth, who troubled not the fount



Of thy delights, but drank at humble distance,  
The leavings of thy joys.

*Clod.* I own I wish'd

To hold entire possession of thy soul :  
But 'twas in vain ; I saw unnumber'd rivals,  
And yet with-held Revenge. Think you I knew not,  
When with that fatal steel you arm'd my hand,  
And bad me bury it in Frugi's heart ;  
Think you I knew not then that desperate Love,  
And frantic Disappointment doom'd his death ?  
Yes, Clodia, yes : And therefore 'twas I flew,  
Prompt to fulfil thy vengeance and my own,  
Nor staid the shifting of a woman's will :  
Twice he hath 'scap'd me, yet again I'll meet him,  
And then redeem my error.

*Clodia.* Never, never.

Had'st thou at first obey'd and murder'd Caius,  
I must have hated him who shed his blood,  
But not as now despis'd : Henceforth he lives.  
My next revenge a surer hand shall act,  
And in a juster cause.—Alas ! Volumnius ;  
Thou never slighted'st me, as Caius did ;  
Thou wast not harsh, ungrateful, as this Brother,  
But ever apt and gentle to my wishes ;  
I did not think to have grac'd thee with a tear,  
But thy sad fate demands it.

*Clod.* If there's truth,

Or honesty in man, I knew him not.

*Clod.* But I know thee. Oh ! that my breath could  
give

Motion and utterance to these pale cold lips,  
And put a tongue into each gaping wound ;  
That from as many several mouths at once,  
As thou to him in jealousy gave strokes,  
I might proclaim thee liar.

*Clod.* Hear me, Clodia——

*Clodia.* No, I'll not hear : Cry to the roaring winds,  
When they unseat the everlasting rocks,  
And lift the wild waves to the vaulted Heav'n,  
And thou shalt find an audience from the storm,  
But me for ever deaf.

*Clod.*

*Clod.* Then to the winds  
 I will complain, for they shall hear my wrongs,  
 And bear 'em on their charitable wings  
 To every shore they visit. Luckless man!  
 O Thou! by ill-designing Nature cast  
 In the same mould with Frugi; what dark errand  
 Brought thee to this dire place? Ah! why conceal'd  
 you

That ill-star'd head? and thou, malicious Planet,  
 Why would'st not lend thy light?

*Clodia.* Not Frugi's form,  
 Not this dark hour, nor ill-designing Nature,  
 But the sole crime of being lov'd by Clodia,  
 Brought thee to this sad end.

*Clod.* Injurious woman,  
 Wou'd that men's thoughts were graven on their hearts!  
 So should these hands of mine to thy confusion  
 Pluck out the bleeding witness of my truth,  
 And die upon the proof.

*Clodia.* Bare to my eye,  
 As is thy face, thy guilty bosom lies;  
 And there in staring characters I read  
 Murder and Jealousy; infernal names!

*Clod.* Murder and Jealousy? O Clodia, Clodia,  
 Talk'st thou of murder, thou, whose soul is dy'd  
 Deeper than are these hands which did thy work?  
 Talk'st thou of Jealousy?—Who doom'd to death  
 The guiltless Frugi, for his faith to Tullia?  
 Who arm'd my hand this fatal night with flames  
 'Gainst Cicero's palace? Who inspir'd Gabinius  
 To seize thy shrieking rival? Who but thou  
 And that unhappy man, thy guilty minion,  
 Mixt the dire dose which brave Metellus drank,  
 And shed a Husband's blood? This thou hast done;  
 Then talk no more of Jealousy and Murder.

*Clodia.* Take up your sword; lo! where the death-  
 ful weapon  
 Lies at the side of him it basely slew;  
 Behold my ready bosom; plunge it here.  
 A curse is fallen on our guilty Loves;  
 And I am weary of the world, and thee.

*Clod.* Sister, you've done me wrong; yet shall my  
 hand Not

Not spill your blood : But if you're bent on death,  
Behold I leave you that ; when life is irksome,  
'Tis all the remedy I know for sorrow. (*Exit Clodius.*

*Clodia.* It shall be so. My Soul approves the  
counsel. (*Takes up the dagger.*

Now, Frugi, since the over-ruling will  
Of Fate denies me to repay thy scorn ;  
'Tis well this way is left me to avoid it.  
Farewell, poor murder'd Corse ! What, do thy wounds  
Open afresh, and answer me in blood ?  
Thus to the Manes of my murder'd Honour  
I make libation ; to the vengeful Sisters,  
Who with scorch'd feet travel the burning soil,  
Where Phlegethon his fiery torrent rolls,  
These Harbingers I send : Open, firm Earth,  
And give 'em passage to announce my coming.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The TEMPLE of VESTA.*

CICERO, TERENTIA, TULLIA.

*Cic.* **L**IFE of the World! First Principle, and last!  
 All-powerful Element! Hail, Vesta, hail!  
 To thy protecting Altars I bequeath  
 This Pledge; oh! may thine ever-wakeful fires  
 Catch and consume the wretch, that dares attempt  
 This hospitable shrine. Now hold, my heart!  
 Terentia, come forward; time is short,  
 Yet I have much to say———my wife, my wife!

*Ter.* O that thus folded in each others arms,  
 Here, as we've liv'd, together we might fall!  
 Or parting hence in social exile join'd,  
 Set forth, and take our fates.

*Cic.* Might that be so,  
 Ruin would lose its name; Exile its terrors,  
 And Clodius reap no triumph from my fall.  
 But Heaven that gave a blessing to our bed,  
 Stamp'd the great Law of Nature on my heart,  
 And bound me to it, by the sacred ties  
 Of fatherly affection; can I then  
 Wed my poor Tullia to disgrace and sorrow,  
 And to my Boy bequeath the bitter portion  
 Of Exile, and hereditary ruin?  
 Rather, just Gods! if so ye deem it fit,  
 Let me atone for all; on me be pour'd  
 Your whole collected vengeance, and repay me  
 For these dire wrongs, this undeserv'd affliction,  
 An hundred fold, as heav'nly bounty should,  
 In blessings on my children.

*Tul.* O my father,  
 When thou art gone, and the great mound i broke  
 Which stood betwixt us and a stormy world,  
 And threw the black and beating furies from us,

Th'



Th' exasperated torrent rolling back,  
 Whelming upon us thro' the fatal breach,  
 Shall burst resistless o'er our feeble banks,  
 And pour a deluge of destruction round.

*Cic.* Daughter, I've look'd into the hearts of men,  
 And trac'd the shifting passions, as they turn  
 To opposite extremes; there I have mark'd,  
 When Envy keeps the throne, 'tis Hell within us:  
 Soon as the guilty passion is allay'd,  
 The green and morbid colour of our souls  
 Is chang'd to virgin white; a gentle breeze  
 Of pity springs within us; with fond sorrow  
 Upon our prostrate rival we look down,  
 And mourn our own success.

*Ter.* Clodius, relent! ———

Gabinus, feel the gentle touch of pity? ———  
 Bid the sun blanch the raven's jetty plume,  
 Tho' Nature steep'd it in her darkest dye,  
 And it shall sooner take a dove-like hue,  
 Than their fell hearts remorse. What fence so high  
 To bound their vast ambition? What so sacred  
 To stem their impious fury? Why this night  
 May they not force us hence? Alas, what help?  
 Our cries will then not reach thee; thou'lt hold on  
 Thy solitary course, and fondly think us  
 In this asylum safe. What chance that he,  
 Who mocks the Goddesses, should revere her Temple?

*Cic.* Nature, that made you pow'rless, made herself  
 Your fond Protectress; set a guard about you  
 Of winning charms, and bid you walk secure  
 Amidst a warring world; then fear not Clodius;  
 Fierce tho' he be, he cannot quite strike off  
 The seal that Heav'n hath set upon its work,  
 And cease to be a man. ——— Now, Atticus,  
 Comes Curio with you?

*Enter Atticus.*

*Att.* At the Capuan Gate  
 He waits your coming: All the City wakes;  
 Pale staring forms course up and down the streets,  
 Half dead with fear and wonder; naked some,

E

As

As if the Gaul was at their doors ; all weep  
 And smite their breasts, and call upon your name :  
 Amongst the rest, I met your freedman Tiro ;  
 Horrid and wan he look'd, and bath'd in tears ;  
 With thick and falt'ring speech he question'd me  
 Of his dear Lord. What follows is the worst——  
 Young Frugi, as 'tis said, by Clodius' hand,  
 Was in the Capitol most basely murder'd ;  
 And lies in public view a lifeless Corse.

*Cic.* Forbid it Heav'n !

*(Tullia falls into her mother's arms.)*

*Ter.* Alas ! my child, my child !

Keen Anguish wrings her heart. She faints ; she dies.  
 Help, help, your daughter dies.

*Tul.* Would Heav'n I might !

*Ter.* O my prophetic Soul ! Thy story, Atticus,  
 Hath murder'd my poor Tullia ; hapless Love,  
 Thy Victim she expires.

*Tul.* It will not be ;

My officious heart yet beats, and feeble Grief  
 Slowly puts out the stubborn lamp of life.

What have I done ? Usurp'd a Father's right,  
 And giv'n my soul away.

*Cic.* Severe, O Gods !

To me and to my House, hath been thy doom.  
 Such evils from conceal'd affections spring.

Why, O my daughter—? but I'll not reproach thee.

*Tul.* Shame stopt my voice ; Honour and conscious  
 Pride,

That scorn'd to meet on less than equal terms,  
 And hope of happier days : While Frugi liv'd  
 Thy sorrows kept possession of my heart,  
 And Love receded from the stronger guest ;  
 Now this dear image rises to my view  
 So piteously array'd, with such a train  
 Of tender thoughts assails this shatter'd frame,  
 That Reason quits her fort, and flies before,  
 To the last verge of phrenzy and despair.

*Cic.* O Frugi, O my Son ! for by that name  
 Henceforth I'll call thee ever, what dire fate  
 Hangs o'er the fortunes and the friends of Cicero ?  
 What curse shall I invoke ? Where'er I turn,  
 Full in my view that hated monster stands,

Thwarts

Thwarts every hope, and murders every joy.  
 O friend, hast thou no comfort to bestow?  
 Revoke the cruel tale: Saidst thou the Capitol?  
 It cannot be—we parted thence together:  
 With hasty strides I saw him shape his course  
 Strait to the Caelian Mount.

*Ter.* 'Tis true he lives,  
 And I renounce my fears. Shame on his tongue,  
 Who told you this false tale.

*Att.* 'Twas your own Tiro.  
 Why will you thus provoke the fatal truth?  
 Lost in the wild disorder of the night,  
 As thro' the city streets he sought you out,  
 Chance led him to the Capitol: At once  
 The well-known form of Clodia struck his view;  
 Before the Temple's porch aloft she stood;  
 Musing and sad she seem'd. When soon, behold!  
 With loud recoil the sacred doors flew back;  
 Forth rush'd a ghastly form, and wav'd a sword  
 Dripping with blood; when with a voice that shook  
 The vaulted dome, and spoke him very Clodius,  
 " 'Tis done (he cried) vengeance has had her fill,  
 " And Frugi is no more." At that dire word,  
 Tiro affrighted, shrunk, and fled unseen.

*Tul.* Oh! 'tis apparent all; 'tis Truth as clear  
 As Oracle ere spoke. Now who shall comfort me?  
 Now who shall reason him to Life again,  
 Or me to Peace? will you, or you, attempt it?  
 Ah! no; ye both despair. Then give me way,  
 And since ye cannot bring to me my Caius,  
 I'll fly to him.—

*Frugi enters.*

Nay, if your tombs can't hold you,  
 But you must rise with all your wounds about you,  
 And stalk abroad in common with the living,  
 The world's too narrow for us both: Down, down!  
 Or give us up your Graves.—Nay, now,—'tis past.

*(Frugi catches her in his arms.)*

*Frugi.* Why do you bend such fearful eyes on me?  
 Speak he that can, and tell me whence this horror!

*Att.* Joyful Surprise, not Horror, wraps us thus,  
 To see thee living, whom Report had murder'd.

*Frugi.* Who then hath done this deed ?

*(Looking on Tullia.)*

*Cic.* Thou hast, my son.

*Frugi.* So is my guilt my blessing.

*Tul.* Come, unhand me ?

I knew him and his errand : I can die  
In spite of you ; Death's thousand doors are open,  
And this rebellious Spirit will break prison,  
To make itself an entrance.

*Cic.* Lead her forth.

She's thine, if Heav'n restore her.

*Frugi.* Then, good Heav'n,  
Or calm her senses, or extinguish mine. *(Exeunt.)*

## S C E N E II.

*A Street in ROME.*

Clodius, Gabinius.

*Clod.* Gabinius, welcome. Wherefore droops my friend ?

What, foil'd at your late revel ? You have ta'en  
Too full a meal of Tullia's maiden fruit,  
And the pall'd appetite now turns aside  
With loathing and aversion.

*Gab.* Clodius, no ;  
She's lost ; perdition light on him that stole her !  
Sure some curst Demon hovers in the air,  
And showers down mischief on this fatal night.  
She's vanish'd, gone, untasted, unenjoy'd,  
Snatch'd like a dream from the deluded sight,  
And left no trace behind, but Shame an Anguish,  
And racking Disappointment.

*Clod.* Curst mischance !  
What villain tore her from you ?

*Gab.* Oh ! no more.  
Thou hast thy sorrows, Clodius, I have mine.  
Liberal of Ill, Fate hath bestow'd on each,  
Griefs of their own, and not to thee the least.

*Clod.* What are they ? Speak. Dost pause ? O  
fear me not.

Ills cannot come too sudden for the brave :

I live



I live at war with Fate, and scorn to hold  
My being in unmanly base dependence  
Upon the wayward stars ; but seize the present,  
And bid defiance to the coming hour.

*Gab.* Clodia is dead.

*Clod.* Why then I thank thee, Nature,  
That when you made this frame of such frail stuff,  
So sensible of harm, so ill array'd  
To combat sharp Misfortune, yet you cas'd  
My heart in temper'd steel, and made it proof  
Against the soft compunctious stroke of Pity,  
Bidding it laugh at all that Fate can do.  
Now, if thou can'st relate the Tale of Death,  
And keep no circumstance of horror back ;  
For 'tis a sound familiar to my ear,  
And needs no softening to inure me to it.

*Gab.* Alone, and musing on my wayward Fate,  
As tow'rs Mount Palatine I took my way  
A short hour since, I met that wretched woman,  
Whom you no more call Sister : Mad she seem'd,  
Convulsion shook her frame ; while Horror glar'd  
In her chang'd visage ; eager was her speech,  
And broke with frequent sighs : She bad me follow ;  
In silence I obey'd ; she led me on,  
Nor cast a look behind, till to the fount  
Of Niobe we came.

*Clod.* I know the place,  
South of Mount Aventine it lies ; the grove  
Of spreading beeches, that embower the fount,  
Was her most favour'd spot.

*Gab.* There first she stop'd :  
When turning short, she cried, (how shall I speak it ?)  
“ Go, tell my savage, my incestuous Brother,  
“ That you have seen me mad. Hark ! I am call'd—  
“ But take this secret with you ere we part,  
“ There is a Hell for Murder and for Incest :  
“ Metellus hath been with me, my late Lord,  
“ Whom I, inhuman ! murder'd, to make room  
“ For this perfidious Brother, told me so ;  
“ And I believe it spite of Epicurus.”

Then turning from me, quick as thought she buried  
This dagger in her breast : “ Take it, she cried,

“ To Clodius bear his last best present back,  
 “ This weapon reeking with a Sister’s blood ;  
 “ And tell him——” More she would have said, but  
 Death

In everlasting silence seal’d her lips.

*Clod.* So ! *(Taking and looking on the dagger.)*

*Gab.* Do not think too deeply : This sad story  
 Dwells in our bosoms only ; wrapt in night  
 Her mute attendants bear her body home,  
 And weep her death, unknowing of the cause.

*Clod.* Fate now, I know thy utmost. Take the  
 dagger :

If, when I look upon those limbs in Death,  
 My Heart within me sinks, and coward Nature  
 Melts to unwilling tears ; then strike it home  
 One saving stroke, prevent the gathering sigh,  
 And meet it ere it rises to my lips.

*Gab.* May all the Gods confound me, if I spare you !  
 But now awhile retire.

*Clod.* And why retire ?

What ! Lover-like beneath some yew-tree’s shade,  
 To stand with folded arms and drooping head,  
 Poring upon some moulder’d monument  
 By the pale moon ? or holding sad discourse  
 With its inhabitant the Owl ? Away !  
 No, I’ll abroad ; out-face the glaring day :  
 I never yet knew grief, but Wine cou’d cure it ;  
 Wine is the Lethe of the Poet’s Fable ;  
 And, Clodia, there I’ll bury thy remembrance.

*Gab.* No, lay that thorn for ever to thy breast  
 To keep Revenge awake.

*Clod.* Revenge ? Ye Gods !

How flat is life, unseason’d with Revenge ?  
 If Glory gilds it not, how blank the page ?  
 Had I in store myriads of dreaming years,  
 I’d set ’em all upon one desp’rate cast,  
 And mock at Cicero in the arms of Death.

*Gab.* Then take this dagger back, and on its blade,  
 With bloody characters empurpled o’er,  
 Read the last will of Clodia : Hah ! what says it ?

*Clod.* Thou curst Remembrancer ! twice aim’d in  
 vain

At Caius Frugi’s breast, now dy’d, alas !

In the life-blood of her, who sent thee to me,  
Lie there, and make acquaintance with my heart.

*Gab.* And why not plant it, where it first was aim'd,  
In Caius Frugi's breast? How my soul fires  
At that detested name! O Clodius, Clodius,  
This is the hour, if thou dar'st do a deed  
To make thy name a terror, and appall  
Ev'n Heav'n itself; this is th' important hour.  
In Vesta's Fane assembles all the House  
Of Cicero; a weak unguarded crew,  
Fondly presuming on their sacred refuge,  
And confident 'gainst all attempts.

*Clod.* Enough.

Not all the Synod of the Gods can shake me.  
Did I respect thee, Fauna, and thy rites,  
Goddess, rever'd of women? Then, O Vesta,  
In spite of thee and thy perennial fires,  
Ev'n at thy altar's foot I'll seize my victims;  
While the chaste flame looks pale at my attempt,  
And dimly lights me to my great revenge. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Scene returns to the Temple of VESTA.*

CICERO, TERENTIA, TULLIA, ATTICUS, CAIUS,  
FRUGI.

*Cic.* Urge me no more; 'tis fixt for Sicily:  
The Justice of my Government, the Grace  
I've ever shewn the Island, still are fresh  
In all men's memories; if Gratitude  
Yet dwells in human hearts, it must be there.

*Att.* Fated to conquer and corrupt the world,  
Victorious Rome in every soil and clime  
Hath sow'd her fertile vices; Virtue ever  
Bleeds at the side of Freedom: Greece alone,  
Triumphant in her fall, hath with her arts  
Made Captive her Despoiler, and remains  
A land of refuge 'gainst oppressive wrong,  
The Nurse of Science and the Seat of Peace.  
Thither, my Friend, betake thee.

*Cic.*

*Cic.* Ah! no more;  
My heart I give amongst you; for my body,  
Which Rome thus casts away, fall where it may,  
It is a sorry thing, nor worth the purchase  
Of so much soil as it will cover.

*Teren.* Athens

Has my voice; but, where'er you bend your flight,  
Be still thyself, my Marcus; no retirement  
Can hide a great man from the world, for Rome  
Hath eyes in every sphere, and they will watch you,  
Tho' buried deep within Sicilian shades,  
As when you stood the foremost of mankind,  
And sway'd the Fate of Empires.

*Cic.* O Terentia,

'Tis hard, but just withall; for mine's a Heart  
Slightly made up by Nature, in whose compound  
Preside the soft and sensible Affections,  
And bend to every pressure. But why speaks not  
My dearest Tullia? has thy Caius yet  
Allay'd the wild disorder of thy mind,  
And sooth'd it into peace?

*Tul.* The storm is past;

Sorrows as deep, tho' calmer, now succeed;  
My soul shuts out each soft and joyful sense,  
Ev'n Love itself, to entertain thy wrongs.  
For thee each morn ere Phoebus streaks the East,  
With early Orisons I'll waken Heaven;  
For thee each night shall find me on my knees;  
No note of mirth, no ill-according joy,  
Shall break the tenor of my pious talk,  
Till the wish'd hour, when wearied Fate relents,  
And Heav'n recalls her exil'd Patriot home.

*Cic.* Be it your care to wean her from her griefs,  
And lead her with a watchful hand thro' life;  
Yet at some times indulge her in her tears,  
Nor grudge that tribute to a Father's name.  
Now with Pomponius to the Capuan Gate  
Depart: My bursting Heart must have its vent;  
And trust me he's the best Philosopher,  
Who keeps the moments of his weakness private.

*Frugi.*



*Frugi.* Yet ere we part, before this awful shrine,  
Here in the presence of the Guardian Goddess ;  
Let me conjure thee by the name of Father,  
O crown my hopes, and consecrate my Love.

*Tul.* Why wilt thou urge us both to our destruction ?  
Ah ! wherefore tempt this black ill-omen'd hour,  
For Treason only fit, for Lust and Murder;  
And magic Incantations. This a time  
To ask a blessing in ? hence must we date  
Our inauspicious nuptials ? here commence  
Our dark unhallow'd course ? Forbid it, Heav'n !

*Cic.* Be wise, be virtuous, and defy the Stars.  
Come near me both.——Here o'er this holy flame,  
I join your hands, an emblem of your hearts :  
Henceforth be one.——Like this perennial fire,  
So be your Loves aspiring, ardent, pure,  
Perpetual ; ceasing not till this expires.

*The Flame is seen to sink gradually, and at length goes out. They stand amazed at the Omen, when suddenly a great Noise is heard without.*

*Frugi.* Hark ! they assault the Temple ; we're beset ;  
Clodius is at our doors : Impious attempt !

[Atticus and Frugi go out.]

*Tul.* O Heav'n and Earth ; where run you, Caius,  
Husband ?

Help, help, they murder my dear, dear, defender.

*A clashing of swords. Frugi retreats fighting, and falls at Tullia's feet. Clodius and Gabinius enter with followers : Clodius advances to Cicero.*

*Clod.* So ; you are found.

*Cic.* Hangs the roof o'er thee yet ?  
Gods ! Gods ! why sleep ye ? wherefore rise ye not  
Ye violated Fires ? in our defence  
Why blaze not forth your Altars, and avenge  
This Sacrilege ?

*Clod.* Must I despise thee too ?  
Rail on, thou credulous and shallow Pedant,  
Till thy Gods hear thee, or till I relent.  
But know to thy confusion, not the winds,  
That sweep the Scythian desert, are more deaf,  
Than are thy fancied Deities ; nor Rocks,

That

That shake those winds from off their icy sides,  
More hard, or more unfeeling than my heart.

*Cic.* Villain profest and shameless !

*Gab.* Time is short ;

Pomponius is escap'd ; Caius yet breathes.

*Clod.* What, was my sword too short ? this dagger  
then

Shall piece it out, and find his Heart.

*Tul.* Away !

Thou'st done thy work too well, inhuman wretch !

The sternest murderers will turn aside,

Nor dare to look upon the deed they've done ;

Thou only tak'st a cool delight in blood,

Can'st reason and descant upon thy trade,

And, butcher-like, deface and carve the slain.

*Clod.* Drag 'em afunder.

*Tul.* That ye shall not do ;

Thus will I screen his poor remains of Life.

Now, now, transfix us both ; the Wife and Husband ;

The living and the dying ; 'tis enough,

So I can hold off Death one moment from him,

And meet it in its passage to his Heart.

*Clod.* Then take thy wish. (*Offers to kill her.*)

*Cic.* Ah ! stop thy desperate hand.

Let this alone ; behold ! a Father kneels.

O Clodius, thou hast brought me to the Earth ;

Enjoy my shame, but spare my daughter's life.

*Clod.* Hah ! this is vengeance. Let me view thee  
well :

Kneel'st thou, proud Spirit ? Wou'd all Rome were  
here

Spectators of my triumph ! Come what may,  
I've liv'd enough.

*Gab.* Hoa ! Catiline, where art thou ?

Burst from thy sleep of Death ; this is a fight  
To weigh against Elysium.

*Teren.* Rise for shame ;

Rise and defy 'em ; their insulting mockery  
Is sharper than their swords.

*Cic.* What have I done ?

O coward Nature ! is there no way left

To save a Child, but by a Father's shame ?

Each drop of blood about me that is Roman  
 Rebels against this weakness : But remember,  
 When you report this deed, report withal  
 That he who kneel'd to save a Daughter's life,  
 Disdain'd to ask his own.

*Tul.* Who asks for life,  
 When this dear youth expires ? Death grows upon him,  
 Nor needs your daggers to ensure his victim.  
 How piteously his eyes are fix'd on me !  
 Convulsion shakes each joint ; he cannot utter,  
 Yet his lips move most speakingly. Where are ye ?  
 Ye talk'd of daggers ; who will plant one here ?  
 Or must I linger till distraction ends me,  
 And on this pavement dash my desperate brains ?

*Gab.* That groan's his last. My vengeance asks no  
 more.

*Clod.* This consolation comes too late for thee,  
 Unhappy Clodia : Yet it glads me well.  
 Hence with these women to the Public Court,  
 And there in full assembly urge their crimes ;  
 Be it my task to cast this Exile forth,  
 And execute the Doom my Country past.

*(Guards seize Terentia.)*

*Cic.* Unhallow'd villains ! loose your brutal hold.  
 O my Terentia ; how this wrings my Heart !

*Teren.* Fear not, my Marcus ; we shall meet again ;  
 If not, I will not shame thee at my Death,  
 But suffer as a Roman Matron should. *(They force her off.)*  
*Guards take away Frugi's body, and force Tullia away.*

*Tul.* Where do you drag me ? We must part, my Caius ;  
 Relentless monsters, can ye view that face  
 And pay no reverence ? Howsoe'er ye treat  
 The living, do no violence to the dead.  
 These are my nuptial joys.——Alas, my Father !  
 And dost thou weep ? O agonizing sight !  
 Come, let me go——for evermore farewell. *(Exit.)*

*Cicero, Clodius, and Guards.*

*Cic.* Well, my Tormentor, can'st thou aught invent  
 Deeper and keener than the pangs I feel ;  
 Or is thy vengeance wearied ?

*Clod.* I have liv'd  
 To laugh at thee, and all thy patriot schemes,

To

To see thy Palace dust, thyself an Exile;  
 A prostrate Beggar bending to the earth;  
 Thy House of all its borrow'd splendor stripp'd,  
 And to its first obscurity reduc'd:  
 Henceforth I think not of thee.

*Cic.* Not think of me?

Dream on, till Vengeance wake thee, till thy Conscience  
 Bloated and swell'd, from Pleasure's guilty feast  
 Starts up aghast, turns suddenly upon thee,  
 And stings thee to the heart; and mark me, Traitor,  
 In the great scale and order of Creation  
 All have their parts; but your's are servile uses,  
 Monsters of Vice; yet in the hand of Heaven  
 Ye minister to Good, and are the instruments  
 To tent the hollow-hearted, and distinguish  
 Between the similar back-sliding hypocrite,  
 And the long-suffering single-hearted man:  
 When you have done your work, you're thrown aside,  
 As such base tools should be.

*Clod.* Base do you call me?

O thou more wretched than the basest Beggar!  
 For he unquestion'd breathes the liberal air,  
 Drinks health and pleasure at the running fount;  
 'Gainst thee the elements are shut, the Earth  
 Our common parent disavows thee, thee,  
 Thy Country's out-cast, and the sport of Nature.

*Cic.* Blush thou, for having made me what I am.  
 I sav'd my Country; thou hast driven me from it.  
 All good men bless me; thee all ill ones serve.  
 Thus by the larger portion of mankind  
 I'm banish'd; thou condemned by the best:  
 Farewell; Posterity decide betwixt us.

*(Exit.)*

*Clodius remains.*

His words go thro' my soul; my cause is weak,  
 And my good Genius fails me: Must I own  
 There is a dignity, a grace in Virtue,  
 Which vice in all its pomp can never reach?  
 With all the ensigns of his power about him,  
 I saw, and sigh'd not at the Consul's greatness:  
 Now he appears so awful in distress,  
 That I most envy when I most oppress.

*F I N I S.*